

## Vaguely Aware

by Amulet Joker

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Summary: "If they are found warming by the lodge's fireplace tucked under the same blanket the next morning, none of the team mentions it." Idiots get wet at the beach in the middle of autumn. What else is new.

## Vaguely Aware

**\*\*A/N\*\*:** I love this ship and will never do it justice. Also, it's just weird calling him Kageyama when I've always referred to him in my head as Kage.

\* \* \*

><p>Kageyama is vaguely aware of the fact that it has started to rain, icy autumn droplets making the fire spit and hiss out smoke in uneven patterns that paint the air in the midst of the team seated in a ring around the pit. Why one would think a trip to the beach in the fall would be a pleasant jaunt, it escapes Kageyama, but there does seem to be an allure to the angry waves and biting winds, and the way the fire flickers in the second-hand light is somewhat inspiring were he to look at it in that sense. Of course, he doesn't look at it that sense, eyes drawn to the opposite side of the fire, where Hinata is furiously locating any discarded marshmallows.<p>

Kageyama is of the opinion they should be heading back to the team beach house just up the bluff currently shielding them from the wind, but no one else seems as inclined as he, Tanaka even loudly stating they should spend the entirety of the evening there. The other spiker and the libero eagerly agree, pulling a huff of air from Kageyama's throat that ends in a snort, though it's lost in a protest from Asahi.

Caught up in his own thoughts and perusal, he doesn't realize Hinata is approaching him until warm lips close around his fingers, and the

s'more that was dripping chocolate down his hand disappears. He barely even has time to let out an indignant yell before Hinata is darting away down the beach, kicking up damp sand that follows him like wings. Tanaka and Nishinoya erupt into laughter as Kageyama scrambles to his feet to take after the carrot-top, raising his own wake of sand and charcoal.

He can feel the team watching him try his best to tackle Hinata to the ground, but his efforts are fruitless and unsuccessful, hands grasping at air too far behind Hinata's sweatshirt to consider catching him. How someone so small can be so damn fast, Kageyama will never understand

He watches it as if in slow motion, Hinata's toes catching on a rather large seashell, feet flying out from underneath him in a way far too comical for its own good as Hinata hits the sand with a smack. Kageyama has a split-second moment to register before stopping that Hinata does not, that he keeps rolling down the beach until the redhead lands in the advancing waves with a yelp and a great splash.

Kageyama pauses, still several feet from the water's edge as Hinata's eyes meet his from where he's seated in the ocean with a dumbstruck look on his face, as if not even he can comprehend the situation he has landed himself in. Hinata just watches the other with wide eyes and a slack-jawed expression for a long few moments, the team further down the beach either stunned into silence or too far out of caring for their antics.

Then Kageyama laughs.

He will never quite be sure which part of all of this is the most amusing. Perhaps it is the look on Hinata's face, or the fact he is completely soaked in the middle of October. Maybe it is just that Hinata had tripped at all, or maybe it is everything all rolled into one.

Hinata does not seem at all equally amused, but Kageyama does not have the chance to apologize before Hinata is yanking him into the surf with a splash to rival his own. While he had expected the water to be butt-fucking freezing cold/, Kageyama had not expected to be thoroughly drenched in said water, and it is all he can do not to shove Hinata back under and hold him there until he drowns.

If they are found warming by the lodge's fireplace tucked under the same blanket the next morning, none of the team mentions it.

(Though, Noya cannot help but to point out that Hinata has the logo of Kageyama's sweatshirt imprinted on his cheek.)

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN\*\*: I think I might just start using Kage.

End  
file.